Cloves and Nutmeg

BY EVERETT RHODES CASTLE

A Question of Crown Jewels and a Moment of Quick Thinking

parting helpers with the jewelry novelties and papers. saintly calm of a blind man who drifted back to her, the contralto and move toward the corner.
laughter of Miss Mercedes O'Brien "Quit your kidding. Where's the and the answering giggle of Miss money? I ain't looking for the col-Marianne Schultz; both as lilting and joyous as if their pay envelopes were Somehow sh rightly come by-earned. Carc-free! Joyous! Earned!

With a nervous shudder Miss Glaub leaned back against the heavy door and gazed into the interior of the shop with eyes that mirrored neither pride nor happiness. Ahead, in the window, be lit another match.

"You poor littlefish!" hissed the one like that? When have you been able "No go out of a door like that with eh?" a nice little pay envelope and nothing to worry about but getting down in the morning a half hour late? When, I ask you?"

Silence.
Miss Glaub sniffed plaintively.
"Six months ago you were what?"
she demanded. "The best-paid buyer
the demanded. "The best-paid buyer
the first time in her thirty-three nd dresses an' blouses in the town.

Nothing to worry about! Successful!
What are you now?—with a continuation of the sniffle. "The proprietor of the sniffle to the sniftle to the sniffle to the sniffl of a smart shop that ain't smart enough to make money. And everything in the world to worry about!
Rent! Advertising! Poor help!
The watchman, and the gl
brass buttons on blue cloth. Rotten business! Cold spring! Mortgages! Interest!" The room echoed her lament.

The letter on the desk caught her eye, and she read it again. Dear Miss Glaub:

"We have considered very carefully your letter of Thrusday last. There is no question in our minds bull-throated voice in evident com-of your merchandising ability. Your mand demanded what was the matter. past history carries with it nothing but success." (MIss Glaub sniffed.) watchman Mi "Neither do we doubt your ability to ence known. put your new enterprise over with unlimited success. We also are agreed that it would be desirable to have a

merchandise.

"However, we do not feel justified, because of the unsettled conditions now existing in retail lines, in making any further extensions and mass Glaub presented him now existing in retail lines, in making any further extensions along financial lines. We therefore must "What did he decline, most regretfully, your kind offer of partnership.

"Please accept our best wishes for your continued success and the nal regards of both Mr. August and myself.

"Sincerely yours," "NATHAN ROSEWATER"

angry ball and thrust it from an air of being something other than her. Friends! Her head sank slowly a common burglar—a subtle someto the table before her. Softly she thing which marked him as different. began to cry. "Good evening, Cutie!"

Miss Glaub aroused herself with a start. Her wet eyes blurred the fig- papers?" ure standing in the doorway leading from the fitting room. She wiped them nervously. It was dark in the erty. Naturally the papers get 'em." figure of a man. Something loose and cerned."
white was twisted about the upper Miss fondled something that glittered omi- be done? varied career Miss Glaub found her- ture?" self voiceless. A frightened cry of inquiry strangled itself half uttered.

voice advised calmly. "What-what do you want?" suppose, Cutie?" he inquired lightly. A game of dominoes?

Miss Glaub decided that he was young man-and the thing which was pearls." twisted about the upper part of the face was a piece of white silk from the fitting room. The muscles which had contracted about her heart loostwisted about the upper part of his

"What-what do you want?" she repeated dully.

He advanced slowly into the room Miss Glaub shrank back with a shudder. The thing that had glittered in the doorway was an ugly, snub-nosed "Do you think," she demanded conrevolver.

self, or just part of the hired help?"

"I am Miss Glaub."

Miss Glaub nodded. "I wouldn't have believed it, Cutie."

Still gasping with terror, Miss Glaub was still a woman.

"Why?" "Too young an' pretty—an' sor-wful. What's the matter, Cutie?" "My name ain't-isn't Cutie."

"Sure thing," the muffled figure But let's get down to business." "What business?"

"That!" The barrel of the gun turned in the direction of the safe. "Oh!" said Miss Glaub. "It-it isn't worth the trouble.'

"Suppose we take a look-eh, sis-

"You dirty brute!" she cried. "You great big hulking thief! Picking The gun came up with a jerk.

The ugly snout stared straight into her eyes. With a whimper of terror Miss Glaub collapsed into the chair from which she had just risen.

shapeless almost, and menacing.

"Open that safe."

mance was a dead thing. "Get a move on! A watchman comes on this block at 9 o'clock." Finally the safe stood open. With chuckle the man waved her aside with the gun. "Get over there in the corner," he commanded, "and stay

ISS ADELE GLAUB, sole proprietor of "Adele, Inc.," said good night to her two departing helpers with the jewelry novelties and papers.

IN mingled terror and despair, Miss young, when the buzzer in the hall refuse to affirm or deny that the partial parti

senses the stealthy entry of thieving bumbly she indicated a small ja-fingers into his extended cup—and panned box in the recess. The man smiles. Then with a weary sigh she closed and locked the front door of from the pocket of his coat. It was Bigburg's newest and smartest cos- too dark to count. The man lit a tume shop. Through the closed door, match. Leaning weakly against the the care-free chatter of the two wall, Miss Glaub heard him curse

Somehow she managed to whisper that there was no more, that the rest

dusk, a full length mirror threw In the sickly yellow flame Miss abruptly, "we are not so much interback the sheen of her black silk Glaub saw that he was holding up a ested in the details of the robbery, gown and the crow-blue glint in her than the sickly yellow flame in the details of the robbery, gown and the crow-blue glint in her than the sickly yellow flame in the details of the robbery. gown and the crow-blue glint in her strand of heavy imitation pearls, the which we have, more or less, in a

"Sister, are these real?" Without knowing why, except the possessed of the power of speech fear of what might happen if she "When have you been able to laugh answered rightly, Miss Glaub nodded. "Not part of the rest of this truck,

> "Sure?" He was standing over her again, his face thrust suspiciously forward, his breath, from beneath Romance whispered an inspirational kid.

Glaub made out the anxious face of the watchman, and the glitter of "What's been the trouble, ma'am?"

Miss Glaub sat erect with a moan. "Thieves," she gasped. "Robbed!" She beat the floor with a small Burly figures filled the doorway. A

bull-throated voice in evident com From her position behind the watchman Miss Glaub made her pres-

"Now, then!" It was the sergeant. The watchman broke out excitedly. With a majestic gesture the serretail outlet in your wonderful city" geant shut the man off. "Now, then, (Miss Glaub sniffed again) "for our lady," he said, and Miss Glaub felt

"What did he look like?" "He was young," she whispered

softly. "Tall or short?"

Could she see his hair? Could she describe his features?

* * * * was masked and wore a cap, well sia?"

MISS Glaub rolled the letter into an down over his forehead. But he had "N Miss Glaub paused in the middle of it. "This—would—would it be in that is, have to-be in the news-

room, and suddenly cold. Straining. The sergeant grinned. "And natu-Miss Glaub managed to make out the rally where a pretty woman is con-

Miss Glaub blushed. "Oh, part of his face, and his right hand geant." she thrilled, "can't something For the first time in her -would they have to have my pic-

"By hook or crook, ma'am." Miss Glaub shook her head sadly, "Nothing like that, Cutie," the but her heart was pounding. large cabinet portrait was more dis-The man laughed. "What do you shots enlarged, were truer likenesses -and younger.

'What's been taken?" "The cash-drawer money and my

"Pearls! Were they real?"

Miss Glaub eyed the man coldly. property—especially if it concerned a good-looking woman. And—Adele, Inc., robbed of an imitation! Romance

volver. "What are you, Cutic—Adele her-fainted over imitations?" The sergeant moistened his pencil.

"Value?" "To me," said Miss Glaub softly, "they were priceless."

The sergeant wrote: "Value un-Hardly had they left, or so it seemed to the time-benumbed mind of the proprietor of Adele, Inc., when the

telephone on the desk jangled im-peratively. Miss Glaub lifted the re-ceiver and softly said hello. "This is the Bigburg News. When "Anything you say, sister. | can we get in touch with Miss Glaub"

Is she there?" Miss Glaub smiled into the transmitter. "I'm sorry," she said calmly, "but Miss Glaub is not here. She has gone to her apartment in the Meadowbrook. But—but she can't see any one unless it is of the utmost

tance," the voice insisted. "But Miss Glaub detests publicity; I-I am afraid it would do you no

"We have to see her." Miss Glaub laughed resignedly. "In that case," she said, "I—that is she-can probably be reached at the Meadowbrook at 10."

He was standing over her now, TT was 10 o'clock, just twenty minutes after the imperative summons of the Bigburg News. Trembling, Miss Glaub rose again. ming a snatch of popular blues, Miss Glaub went into her little parlor and With long, tapering fingers which lit the roseshaded lamp by the piano. refused to retain the dial within their Then snapping off the chandelier grasp, Miss Glaub strove to obey. Ro- above, she lighted the two droplights over the mantel. A cozy warm glow flooded the pleasant room From the tiny boudoir she brough forth several large photographs and

Miss Glaub was wondering whether the News representative would be

pink light near the piano and the soft droplight over the mantel. Quickly her face assumed the wan

"Miss Glaub?"
A young man, certainly-attractive "Won't you take a chair and let me ask your pardon for not arising? The things that have happened during the past few hours—" Miss Glaub ran a

slow white hand across her brow.

The young man nodded vigorously "Certainly. My name's Barclay the very little rest—had been Sorry to hear you are not feeling banked during the afternoon. to the point, but I haven't much time -to do all I have to do."

Mr. Barclay smiled deprecatingly

piled-up hair. But no haif light ornate plush case held beneath his could soften or conceal the contempt which suddenly blazed into being as flame died between his fingers.

The police report said they were the two stared one of two stared one of the two stared one of the two stared one of two stare The police report said they were genuine and unknown value. That sounds like a mighty interesting story. Won't you tell me, Miss Glaub, why you told the sergeant that they were priceless?"

It was a trying moment for Adele, Inc. What to say? What to do? Where to turn? Miss Glaub shook her head slowly. "I am sorry," she said after a moment, "but I can't." way out. "It—it is a secret, and I am not at liberty to disclose."

Barclay nodded his head rapidly. As he phrased it, it was a ball straight into his mitt. Young Mr. Earclay worked for a sensational city editor who ran a sensational morning newspaper. The "old man" a blaze of light. In the glare Miss had given him the idea in dyspeptic monospllables. Adroitly Mr. Barclay worked to "hang" his story. He leaned forward confidentially.

"Miss Glaub," he said swiftly, "the man who robbed you was no common criminal. Your description of him She beat the floor with a small alone proves that. He was a man clenched fist. "Water!" she cried out of another world. Isn't that right?"

Miss Glaub nodded complacently.
"That man was not after a little money. He was working for some-thing big! Perhaps he was not a criminal in the accepted sense of the word. Now I am going to tell you what the News thinks." His voice dropped still lower. "Miss Glaub," as the result of the robbery last night he whispered, "the pearls which were of Miss Adele Glaub, proprietor of he whispered, "the pearls which were of Miss Adele Glaub, proprietor of stolen from your safe this evening the exclusive costume shop, Adele, to buy. That was the basis upon may have come from the collection of the Russian crown jewels."

the exclusive costume shop, Adele, Inc., in her office in the rear of the store. Miss Glaub opened her mouth-

and slowly allowed it to close.
"No! No!" she cried after speech returned.

"Yet you admit the history of the pearls is a secret?" persisted the eager Helplessly caught in the mestes of

omance, Miss Glaub no Geo. "And you say they were priceless?"

Young Mr. Barclay nodded with Dreamily Miss Glaub went on. His deep satisfaction. "Miss Glaub," he hair was dark, of course, and the man asked, "have you ever been in Rus-

"Anywhere abroad?" Miss Glaub admitted London and Paris, without adding that it was not uncommon for costume buyers to seek their wares abroad.

Young Mr. Barclay made a mental

nies ever being in Russia." "Of course," he went on, "you understand that we don't think for a moment you came by the pearls dis-honestly. Not for a moment. But Russian grand dukes have become infatuated before with beautiful

Miss Glaub hoarsely.

or two, anyway. "But you are beau-Miss Glaub smiled wanly. "I am

"SISTER, ARE THESE REAL?"

only a poor wo—girl caught in the ing apartment by a representative mesh of circumstance!" of the News Mme. Glaub denied that "In other words, Miss Glaub, you she was acting for friends in the no- Glaub read the letter again. A tele-

demanded weakly. "No," she said again. "No."

But the other persisted. "Did your pearls come from abroad!" Miss Glaub said truthfully that she didn't know where they came from.

"Possibly from Russia?"

fer your not having it?"

"Possibly." Mr. Barclay arose with alacrity. And now there is only one thing-a photograph of yourself. Have you one wearing the pearls?"
"And you—you have to have a picture. Even"—archly—"if I much pre-

"Absolutely." There was no question of selection With evident reluctance Miss Glaub removed the cabinet portrait from the piano and Mr. Barclay took it to

"It's a regular pip," he crief enthusiastically. "It's the finest art I've brought into the office in four blue moons. It's three columns, front page, as sure as you're a foot high."

Miss Glaub deprecated his boyish ardor with a careless gesture. makes me look rather old, don't you think, Mr. Barclay?" Mr. Barclay held out his hand. "It

makes you look regal," he said, the gems stolen might have cor "almost as if I should kiss your hand from Russia."

as I say good-night."

**** Miss Glaub decided he was a nice

After he had gone, Miss Glaub gazed long and searchingly into the mirror of her dressing table. He had called her "regal!"

* * * * WITH fingers that fumbled mechanically among the utensils of an untasted breakfast, Miss Glaub sought to focus the dancing headline. And the picture was there. Three columns wide, as he had said, and in the very center of the first page! With the aid of the percolator and a sugarbowl, Miss Glaub managed to flatten the paper on the little table. Slowly she read:

"POLICE HINT AT INTERNATION-AL MYSTERY IN PEARL ROB-BERY.

"Bigburg police were working this morning on what they believe may

store. "At the point of a pistol Miss Glaub, a strikingly beautiful woman, was compelled to open the office safe. The intruder, who had gained entrance by means of a rear door, escaped with approximately a hundred dollars in cash and a pearl necklace, leaving Miss Glaub in a fainting condition on the office floor, where she was later

pearls alone.

"They are proceeding on the theory that the nearls, whose lineage Miss note. "Admits going abroad, but de-Glaub refuses to discuss, beyond the fact that she owned them for some time, might comprise part of the Russian crown jewels, lost at the time of the revolution and often reported to be in America. Police point out that Miss Glaub, who has traveled exwomen and tossed them jewels worth millions—" tensively in Europe, but in Russia, might have formed friendships among the old pobility which, in honor, she cannot acknowledge at the present time. The trusteeship, in the opinion Young Mr. Barclay was a shrewd of the police, has probably made Miss young man and he just had to Glaub the innocent victim of a group make the story stand up-for a day of international thieves who sought and despoiled their victim last eve ning.

"When interviewed at her charm-

phone number was scrawled in the ower left-hand corner. It was writ- it? Who'll believe you after that the table and went quietly to work. the further notation, "Please call the police? Huh?" after 4 o'clock."

stopped her with a cold stare.
"You go out an' tell O'Brien and Schultz," she commanded balefully, "that this isn't a curiosity shop. The merchandise on the shelves is to Then in the little office she received

three reporters from the afternoo dailies and charmingly said—noth-ing. Business was so brisk, and as each customer's wants received her personal attention, would the gentle-men kindly excuse her—please?

"MISS GLAUB, THE MAN WHO

ROBBED YOU WAS NO COM-MON CRIMINAL. YOUR DE-SCRIPTION PROVES THAT."

bility, but admitted, charmingly, that

MISS BLAUB finished her coffee with a gulp. Toast and eggs she left unheeded. She dressed

quickly but with careful considera-tion. With a slow smile, she added

the long black earrings of the cabinet

Miss Glaub reached Adele, Inc., at 9 o'clock, an unheard-of hour for

smart trade, and yet the long room already was crowded. Freda, the

combination bookkeeper and stenog-

rapher, rushed frantically about the

room, getting nowhere, Miss Glaub

It was a hectic day. Curious old which Miss Glaub consented to remember them. The noon hour passed unheeded.

At 5 o'clock Miss Glaub went over the cash register records with a smile of satisfaction. For the first time be desirable. How about your home since opening day the smart fixtures tonight—say 2 o'clock?" did not mock her.

Another day of good business. Miss Glaub ate out for the first time in months. A week. Adele, Inc., had them

when-the letter came.

It was badly typewriten on poor paper, but its contents made Miss Glaub shiver.
"BLAKE DETECTIVE AGENCY.

"BLAKE DETECTIVE AGENCY.
"Biss Adele Glaub,
"Adele, Inc.
"Dear Madame: In the course of our the suggested, "we should begin by "Miss Adele Glaub, investigations in another matter we telling you what we know. Our have stumbled upon all the facts in clientconnection with your recent robbery. "Before turning these facts over to the police, we thought you might be interested in having us act in your behalf, especially because of the

Very truly yours,

"S. E. BLAKE." * * * *

IT was blackmail! Every line shouted it! Grim-lipped, Miss were interested-sufficiently.'

Miss Glaub glanced at the clock.

Miss Glaub glanced at the clock.

It was nearly 5 o'clock, He was pearls."

there now-waiting, perhaps. Miss Glaub sent Freda into the fitting room and picked up the telephone. A onnection established, she went traight to the point.

"This is Miss Glaub speaking." "I have your letter."

"Well?"

The voice at the other end of the ine chuckled. "Hardly anything we can discuss over the telephone, Miss Glaub."

"Can you come to my office? The other end hesitated. "For Later, in a big blue quilted kimono, books for Adele, business of this nature," it suggested. Miss Glaub contemplated the string night 10 o'clock." maybe a little more privacy would of gleaming pearls. Humming softly,

After all, it was perhaps better to meet him there. The frowsy little rook! Miss Glaub assented briefly "Tonight," she repeated, "at &."

discovered by a night watchman, who called in the police.

A week. Adele, Inc., had them of manhood, even in the soft glow of manhood, even in the soft glow of to call softly for "Madame" instead the Glaub parlor. He was nervous to call softly for "Madame" instead He was a mean-looking specime "Miss Glaub, upon recovering, refused to place a value upon the neck-lace, saying that it was priceless. A description of the thief, whom Miss Glaub described as tall and unusually distinguished, inclines the police to the belief that the man was after the pearls alone.

To call softly for 'Madame' instead of, "Oh, Miss Glaub!" The mystery and overbold by turns. His collar was dirty, as were the frayed cuffs which hung below the sleeves of his disappeared from the front pages. But people apparently still desired to trade with a comrade of the old to trade with a comrade weary days of reckoning mortgages He wore a greasy derby which had weary days of reckening mortgages are wore a greasy delay which had and interest were safely behind her, once been brown. And he wore it when—the letter came. Into the Glaub parlor with a sneaky

smile of confidence "Good evening, Miss Glaub." Miss Glaub nodded. "Suppose," she

"Is a thief," interrupted Miss Glaub. "Maybe he is a liar, too!"

Mr. S. E. Blake shook his head.
"Not a chance," he said emphatically; and then softly: "Because-we cent publicity in connection with the Russian nobility.

"Maybe," inquired the lady care-

lessly, "you have them with you?" "And maybe you might be persuaded to part with them?" Mr. Blake laughed gayly. "Maybe we might," he asserted softly, "if you

Miss Glaub considered this. "Well,"

she said finally, "how much do you want?" "Five hundred dollars."

"Not a chance!"-coldly. Mr. Blake shook his head sadly. "Too bad," he commented. "We haven't anything else left but to turn our information over to the police. It'll certainly make rich reading. Eh, Miss Glaub? Famous pearls nothing but cheap fakes! Won't help the little costume business any."

te costume business any."

"You—you—"

"Or the standing with the Russian 33—Always.

"S—A diagram.

33—Always.

33—Always.

33—Always. nobility." With a shrug, the proprietor of 38
Adele, Inc., capitulated.

Adele, Inc., capitulated.

"Will a check do?" she demanded dully.

"Certainly. Seeing that we are only acting for you in a little matter which makes the five hundred a retainer fee."

Miss Glaub went to a little desk and dropped the top. "How do you want it made out?"

"S E Blake"—with a smirk.

MISS GLAUB blotted the piece of paper and arose. Still possessed 70of the smirk, Mr. Blake stepped for-ward. Miss Glaub moved to meet him halfway. Just as the man was about to take the check, Miss Glaub 19—Legends. about to take the check, Miss Glaub slipped on the soft rug. With a slight scream, she fell forward into the arms of the astonished visitor. Just

"S. E. Blake!"-with a smirk.

cloves and nutmeg. . . .
"Put your hands up in the air." hand and the eyes behind the gun, sun or a star.

hers from the moment of reading

"What's the idea?" he demanded. calmly. "Sure of what?"

same people."
"You're crazy!"—sullenly.

en with a soft lead pencil, as was cock-an'-bull description you gave As the clock struck 10 she swept Miss Glaub held out her hand. "It the wicker waste basket. Her eyes

> After a moment Mr. Blake produced nearer. them, from the side pocket of his raincoat

open, Miss Glaub read:
"New York City. "What now?" "The door. Your little client-gam "Great work. Congratulations. Enneeds you in some other city in a

hurry." "In other words-"In other words—get!"

Just before the door closed Miss Glaub sent a parting shot.

"The next time you rob a cradle," she advlsed, "don't put a mask over your face-get a gas mask."

"Take answer," she snapped. 'Nathan Rosewater:

Miss Glaub smiled.

"'Sorry. Too late. Subscription books for Adele, Inc., closed last

the remnants of her handiwork into

seemed to bring the grand duke

At the shop next morning Freda

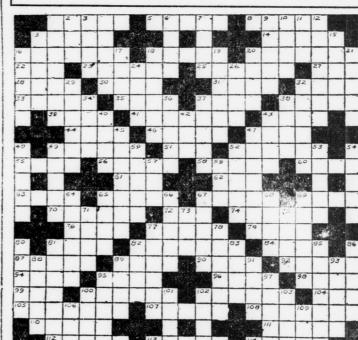
handed her a telegram. Tearing it

We can't afford to stay out, regard-less of conditions. How much do you want?

"NATHAN ROSEWATER."

To Test the Cross-Word Expert

won't be necessary. Give me the grew soft and dreamy. Somehow it



SI-Stored Cabbage.

S2-To defame.

S4-No better than a miss.

S7-A Mohammedan noble.

S9-A short visit.

90-A poem.

12-Found in the Songs of David.

94-Nature.

93-Theorems 94-Nature,
95-Therefore,
96-A unit of time,
98-Comb form pert to air,
98-To crown,
100-Bottles,
102-A bird,
104-With (German),
105-Oppressive,
107-A kind of propeller,
108-Parties,
110-To pry,
111-Laborers,
112-Colors, 112-Colors, 113-To laugh loudly, 114-Belief.

34—A following. 36—A telegraph instrument 37—To puzzle. 38—To grieve. To grieve.

A dress of state.

Part of a balloon.

An easy mark.

Fabrics.

An accessory of soup.

A facial expréssion. -A heavy sewing silk.

14—Belief.
VERTICAL,
1—Longing.
2—And so forth,
3—An air.
4—Tears.
6—Heffection,
7—An escape.
9—Homain.
10—To connect. To connect.
A colloidal despersion. 17—Between hills, 18—Asiatic animal (pl.), 19—A honsehold pet, 20—To carry, 21—An Indication of time, 24—Granted, 26—A meadow, 29—A grammatical figure, 32—A title of rank.

-To bise...
-Prop...
-Yes...
-A conjunction...
-A young eagle.
-Struck down.
-Stately...
-Stately...
-To stay...
-To stay...
-A movering plant.
-To dowled hog...
-To forbid...
-To A shield...
-To A shield...
-To A shield...
-To A shield...
-To Maine...
- Maine...
- Maine...
- Maine...
- Maine...
- Maine... 74 — Assigns.
78 — A relative.
78 — A relative.
78 — A large snake.
78 — A seasoning.
78 — An uproer.
78 — A constituent part
78 — Blasts.
78 — Laments.

106-King (Fr.). 109-Fish eggs.

Answer to Last Week's Puzzle. Meteorites.

for a second the dark head rested close to his-just long enough to the metoric stones and irons that confirm that feeling which had been occasionally fall from the sky has a The mingled odor of peculiar charm for the imagination. The density of those bodies and the With an astonished snarl, Mr. S. E. more in four forms and the ments in favor of the view that they Blake faced a small-caliber pistol must have been ejected from some neld in a steady hand. Noting the massive body in space, such as the

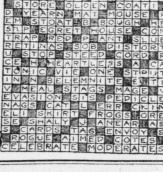
HORIZONTAL,

An aid to stability.

rites that fell some years ago in "Making sure," said Miss Glaub Kansas, it has been suggested that we may infer, from their composition, from what part of the heavenly body "That Mr. S. E. Blake and my Cutie that ejected them they came. friend of the other night were the heavy metallic meteorites, called siderites, may plausibly be supposed to "You're crazy!"—sullenly.

have come from the deeper parts of that fell in Kansas, which are intermediate in composition, from the a star; the light, stony ones, called mediate in composition, from the aerolites, from the superficial layers, transitional zone between the outer

In discussing the peculiar meteo-



After a moment: "Well, what if I and the rare "pallasites," the sort crust and the dense interior nucleus.